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JUST OPINIONS ARE THE RESULT OF JUST KNOWLEDGE,—JUST PRACTICE OF JUST OPINIONS.

NEW-HARMONY, (IND.) WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1828.

### NOTES

#### FROM MY POCKET BOOK.

##### III.

No wonder that pious enthusiasts persecute the memory of Voltaire with peculiar rancor. Nothing so provoking as a joke, when it goes to make ourselves ridiculous. To argue with folly makes it feel important; but to laugh at it hurts the sore place, and cannot but provoke fretfulness.

##### IV.

Think for yourself; or you may hear and read all the thoughts that ever were spoken or written, and be a fool at last.

##### V.

It is in vain to think, that, in the present state of education, we can be quit of prejudice. We shall often find, that on this line of our virtues, or what we esteem such, as well as our vices; our most trivial, as our most serious opinions. Let us take merely the enthusiasm we so frequently retain for an author that pleased our childhood. It may be, had we delayed acquaintance with him, until our reason had gained its maturity, we should have thought him an old gossip, an idle dreamer, or, at best, a ready wit with a founded judgment. Yet, with the aid of early associations, we right frequently carry him on; in our respect even to our folly. We not merely excuse his defects, but even go so far as to account them beauties; or, if we know them for what they are, we love them in spite of the knowledge.

It is no less true that a prejudice will stand against our reason, than that it will drive it along. I could believe that a people would bow to an image of the virgin, or resent a slight offered to the name of Jesus, after they had ceased to be either Catholics or Christians.

At the first expulsion of the emperor Napoleon, an old friend of liberty in Edinburgh, who like the rest of the world, was forced into the belief, that the restoration of the Bourbons was the pretense to peace and freedom, filled out a bumper, and bid his friends drink with him, to "Lewis and a constitution worthy of an enlightened people." The glass was raised to his lips, when one of his children leapt singing into the room, with a white cockade in his hat. "No!" cried the father, swearing an oath, setting down the untasted bumper and snatching the cockade from his boy's head—"No! I am not there yet!" and, turning round, he flung the emblem of ancient loyalty into the fire.

F. W.

(The following story was written during the early youth of the author [in March 1817], and was suggested by the relation of a Highland lady.)

### THE HIGHLANDERS.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

#### PART I.

A few weeks ago, in returning, late in the evening, from the western suburbs along Princes Street to my apartments in—'s Hotel, I was so struck with the picturesque effect of the surrounding objects,—the Castle, then softly gilded with the moonlight;—the old city illumed irregularly throughout its dark piles; the Pentlands marking the horizon with pale outline; the bright stars sparkling in the dark ether over their summits;—objects which all who know this city have a thousand times seen and as often admired, that I gradually and insensibly slackened my pace, and having left the pavement and crossed over to the other side to be the better secured from the jostling of passengers, I proceeded at my leisure, in a kind of moody reverie, now pausing to notice the scene, and then going forward, with broken and unequal steps, following a train of thought which the scene had awakened. Whether it were the hour or the moon that operated upon me, or both, or whether it were the recurrence of younger recollections that somehow or other crowded on me at that moment,—a circumstance that I believe even to the most susceptible mind is never without a dash of sadness—to whichever of these causes it might be owing, I fell soon into a deep melancholy; and, tho' the time was past with me by many years when I might have turned such a disposition to account by rhyming a sonnet to the moon, or to my mistress' eyebrow, I felt as much disposed to loiter in a mental soliloquy as a lover of eighteen or an author of twenty.

By this time I found myself at the corner of the mound, and not feeling any disposition for my nightcap, I turned to the right, and, having proceeded nearly to the midway of that picturesque causeway, I made a stand, leaning my back against the wall that runs along on one side for the purpose of a screen to passengers during the storms of wind so frequent and violent in our city. I had stood thus, it might be, for a quarter of an hour when, turning round, I perceived, at a little distance, a man, leaning in much the same attitude as myself; nay, from the laxness of the limbs, the uplifted head, raised as it were in contemplation of the Heavens, and the still fixedness of the whole figure, I could almost have imagined he was following the selfsame train of thought. The impulse was irresistible, I drew near; but so gently, that the object of my attention remained entirely unconscious of it, continuing his perusal of the skies without the smallest varia-

tion of countenance or limb.

In years he seemed like one just entered on manhood, tho' thought had somewhat deeply marked the countenance, and sickness withered it. His figure was tall and slender, so slender as to be emaciated. A plaid, which, during his reverie, his hand seemed to have forgotten, had fallen from one shoulder, and disclosed a dress that bore the stamp of poverty: his hat which had also fallen apparently without the consciousness of its owner, lay at his feet. The meridian moon shone full upon his face;—it was pale as the beam that lighted it, and still as that of an infant just laid in the sleep of death. The features were delicate, and would have been beautiful but for the hue of sickness that overspread them. The lips were thin, and gently parted, as if the breath was staid in a rapture of holy contemplation. His hair, of a light brown, was lifted and scattered backwards by the chill breeze of night: his forehead, which projected somewhat, and was slightly knit between the brows, gave the character of thought to a countenance which otherwise might have had more of mildness and sweetness than of talent.

He stood for some time without the slightest motion; when, drawing a deep sigh, his head dropt upon his bosom, and his eyes fell on the earth as fixedly as they had before rested on the moon. He drew a second sigh yet deeper than the first, and I was about to advance, tho' without any prepared apology to preface my address, when a young female, rolled in a dark and somewhat tattered cloak, advanced on the other side, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. He started; and, turning towards her, they seemed to exchange a look in silence. At length, in a low and very sweet voice, tho' it had the accent of the northern Highlands, the young man said; "And have you sought me alone at this hour?"

The girl made no reply, but I saw her face, for it was turned full towards me, and the light of the moon fell bright upon it. She did not speak—but her eyes bent on him with a look that must have gone to his soul: Her lips quivered; and then two tears rose in either eye and rolled glistening down her cheeks.

He bent forward and kissing one off, "My own, dear sister, I will never do this again." She pressed his hand; and smiled, tho' somewhat sadly; then taking up his hat and folding his loosened plaid tightly round him, led him away. As she turned, her eye glanced on me. I cannot explain how, or why, but this glance intimidated me. I felt myself something in the predicament of a discovered listener, or a detected thief; and, tho' burning with a desire to follow and address the stranger, I remain-